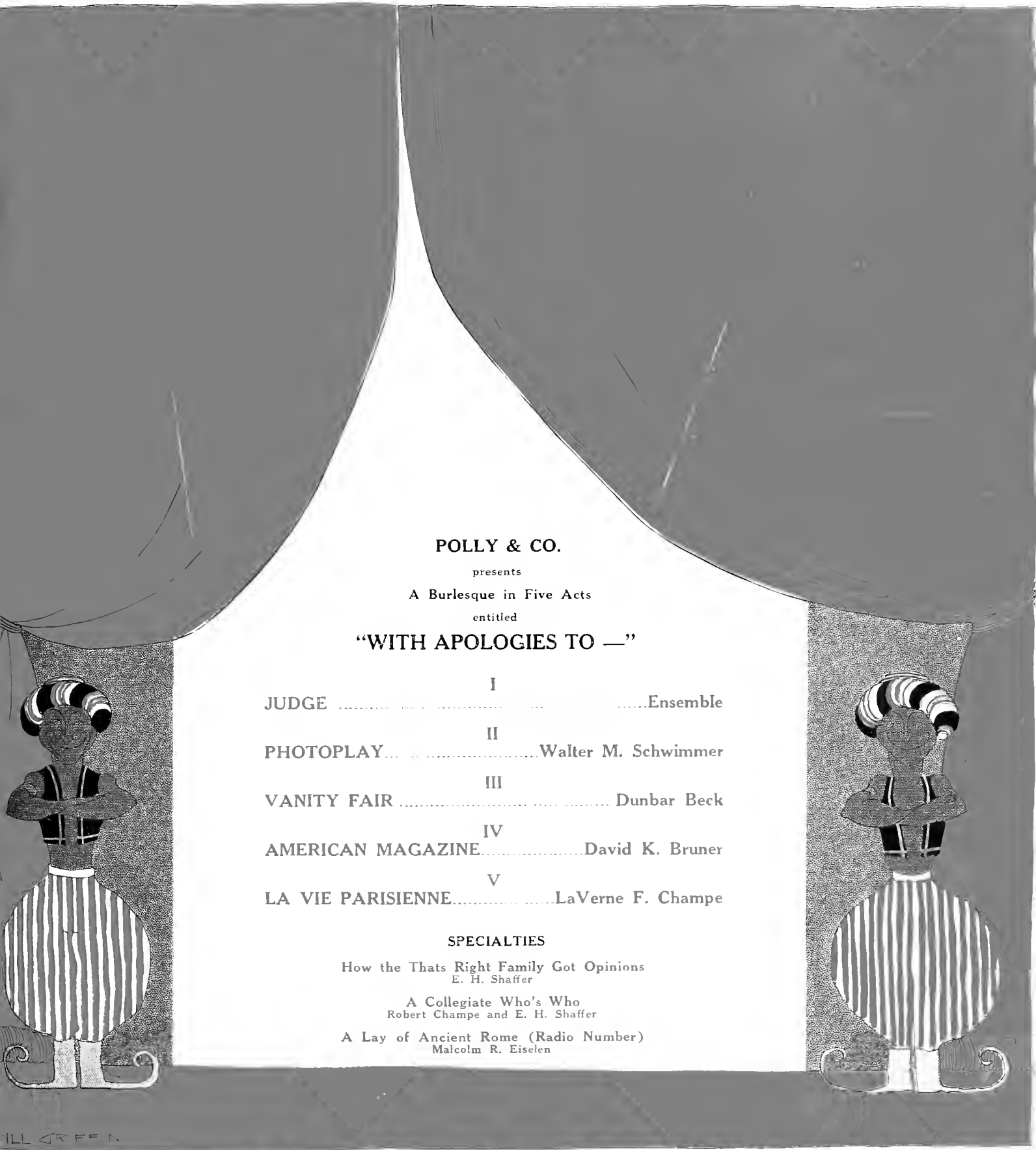
Purple Parrot



POLLY & CO.

presents

A Burlesque in Five Acts

entitled

"WITH APOLOGIES TO —"

I

JUDGE ..... Ensemble

II

PHOTOPLAY ..... Walter M. Schwimmer

III

VANITY FAIR ..... Dunbar Beck

IV

AMERICAN MAGAZINE ..... David K. Bruner

V

LA VIE PARISIENNE ..... LaVerne F. Champe

SPECIALTIES

How the Thats Right Family Got Opinions
E. H. Shaffer

A Collegiate Who's Who
Robert Champe and E. H. Shaffer

A Lay of Ancient Rome (Radio Number)
Malcolm R. Eiselen

ILL GREEN

Burlesque Number · 35 Cents ·

AN ATMOSPHERE
THAT HAS NO PEER

MARIGOLD
ROOM

BROADWAY AT GRACE STREET

Where the Food Will Suit Your Mood

Now Playing

ERNIE YOUNG'S REVUES

IN CONJUNCTION WITH

Ernie Young's Marigold Orchestra

From 7 P. M. to Closing Time Every Night

Best Food is Served at the Marigold

"It is the Manhattan Roof Garden brought
to the Far North Side"—*Chicago Evening Post*

Watch for the Marigold Radio Concerts
Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday!

A College Man's Shop that Shares the Economy of Our Great Buying Power

Complete Showing of College-Correct Clothes for Spring

Lytton College Shop

HERE'S a friendly, personal service that will conserve a modest clothes allowance and keep you in good style. These style ideas of the better dressed College Men include just the Suit or Topcoat you've had in mind.

Also Hats, Shoes and Furnishings to Meet College Tastes

THE HUB

Henry C. Lytton & Sons

Largest Clothing Store in the World—STATE at JACKSON, Chicago

Rosenberg's
EVANSTON

SPRING APPAREL displays for the season radiate with a diversity of smart, new things—just the type of apparel that lends itself to the requirements of University girls.

You are invited to see our showings, which at this time boast of a variety of new Spring coats, suits, and dresses. A treat is in store for you in our Ready-to-Wear Section on the Second Floor.

PUBLIC SALES

WE HAVE purchased 122,000 pair U. S. Army Munson last shoes, sizes $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 12, which was the entire surplus stock of one of the largest U. S. Government shoe contractors.

This shoe is guaranteed one hundred per cent solid leather; color dark tan, bellows tongue, dirt and water proof. The actual value of this shoe is $6.00. Owing to this tremendous buy we can offer same to the public at $2.95.

Send correct size. Pay postman on delivery or send money order. If shoes are not as represented we will cheerfully refund your money promptly upon request.

National Bay State Shoe Company
296 Broadway - - NEW YORK

Frank Butterfield
1056 Wilson Avenue

Just Received
500 New Spring Hats
Faille Silk, Satins, Flower Hats
Sport Hats, Dance Hats
$4.75 $7.50 $12.50
VISITORS WELCOME

MOSER SHORTHAND COLLEGE

Special Three Months Course

Open to University Graduates or Undergraduates

BULLETIN ON REQUEST

116 So. Michigan Ave.
Twelfth Floor Randolph 4347
CHICAGO

High School Graduates ONLY are Enrolled

The styles to wear this Spring

THEY'RE HERE IN HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

They're brisk, smart, trim-looking; Norfolks; sport suits; 2, 3 and 4 button sacks. The top-coats are belted with yokes or raglan sleeves; box coats are good, too

Style is one of our specialties
You'll get the right thing here

MacFARLAND-EHMEN CO.
CHURCH and SHERMAN

Charming women who love to feel perfectly groomed wear Duro Belle Hair Nets. For not only do they find these nets perfect in shape and true in their coloring, but they actually *wear longest.*

It's all in the Duro Knots

These tiny knots guarantee longest wear. Especially tied—not too tight to strain the hair and not too loose so the net loses its shape—*but tied just right.*

Buy them by the dozen from the NORTHWESTERN Y. W. C A.

NATIONAL TRADING COMPANY
630 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO

Fenton Music Company

4736 N. Racine Avenue
at Lawrence and Broadway

Edgewater 7600

Largest and most complete stock of records in Chicago

Delivery to North Shore Suburbs daily.

Fraternity and Sorority charge accounts welcomed.

A Way to Her Heart
—*Try Music*

To make her happy—bring Brunswick Records. Find out her taste for music and you will always be sure to please. Brunswick Records are acceptable to every hostess, a permanent gift—one you can both enjoy.

Records Released Every Thursday

2383 Fate .....Fox Trot.....*Gene Rodemick*

2384 My Buddy.....Violin Solo.....*Fradkin*

2370 I Gave You Up Just Before You Threw Me Down—Singing Comedienne, ... *Marion Harris*

Rose of the Rio Grande—Singing Comedienne.....*Marion Harris*

EVANSTON

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

SHOP

Church and Orrington
Open Evenings

NEW EVANSTON

CLYDE E. ELLIOTT, Managing Director

"FOR YOUR PLEASURE"

HIGH CLASS, EXCLUSIVE PHOTO-PLAYS

Stage Features ***Orchestra***

Wurlitzer Grand Organ

ATTRACTIONS NOW BOOKED FOR EARLY PRESENTATION!

Wm. Fox Production - - - *"Monte Cristo"*
Bebe Daniels - - in *"The World's Applause"*
A William de Mille Production
Mary Pickford - in *"Tess of the Storm Country"*
George Melford Production - - *"Java Head"*
Charles Ray - - - in *"Tailor Made Man"*
Marion Davies - - - - *"Adam and Eva"*
Etc., Etc.

Always a good show at "The New Evanston"

You can come ***anytime!***

Bargain Matinee Daily
Continuous 2 to 5:30 p. m.

Evening Shows
Continuous 7 to 11 p. m.

In Evanston, the place called Chandler's, has always had the valued privilege of occupying a prominent sphere among the many institutions of college life.

The most consideration for our clientele of youth and college spirit, our major ideal of success, is to uphold this standard.

Chandler's
Fountain Square
EVANSTON

With a box of **Spoehr's** Chocolates John speaks for himself.

Business Directory

Keep this Directory handy so that you may patronize these Advertisers who show their appreciation of the PURPLE PARROT

BANKS
State Bank and Trust Company — Fountain Square

BARBERS
North Shore Hotel Barber Shop — Davis Street

BEAUTY PARLORS
M. MacClane Beauty Shop — Opposite Public Library
Marnette Beauty Salon and Hair Shop — 1707 Sherman Avenue
Daniel Gans — 1610 Chicago Avenue

BOOK STORES
Chandler's — Fountain Square
Childs & Raeder — Davis Street
Monarch Stationery Company — 1618 Orrington Avenue

BUSINESS COLLEGES
Moser Shorthand College — 116 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

CLEANERS AND DYERS
Parisian Dye House, Inc. — Phone Evanston 727

CONFECTIONERS
Beach & Geils — Library Plaza Hotel
Du Breuil's — 620 Davis Street
Pink Shop — 602 Davis Street
Whitman's Candies
Woman's Exchange — 512 Davis Street
Spoehr's

DEPARTMENT STORES
Rosenberg's — Fountain Square

ELECTRIC
General Electric Company

ENTERTAINMENT
Adelphi Theatre — 7074 N. Clark Street
Beach View Gardens — Wilson at Clarendon
Cascade Club — 4942 Sheridan Road
Howard Theatre — 1627 Howard Street
Hoyburn Theatre — Davis Street
Marigold Garden — Broadway, at Grace
New Evanston Theatre — Sherman Avenue

FLORISTS
London's — 1712 Sherman Avenue
John Weiland — 1614 Sherman Avenue
M. Weiland — 602 Davis Street
Wittbold & Son — 75 East Adams Street, Chicago

HAIR NETS
Duro Belle — N. U., Y. M. C. A.

HOTELS
Evanston Hotel — Corner Main and Forest Avenue
Hotel Somerset — Sheridan Road, at Argyle
Library Plaza — Orrington Avenue

LAUNDRIES
Nelson Brothers — Phone Evanston 422

MEN'S FURNISHINGS
Denvir's — 19 E. Jackson Boulevard
Lytton College Shop — State and Jackson, Chicago
MacFarland-Ehmen — Church and Sherman
Meek & Meek — 4611-13 Broadway (Wilson Avenue)

MILLINERS
M. Hickman — 621 Davis Street
Butterfield — 1056 Wilson Avenue

OPTICIANS
Almer Coe & Company — 527 Davis Street

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS
Evanston Brunswick Shop — Library Plaza
Fenton Music Co. — Lawrence and Broadway
North Shore Talking Machine Co. — 603 Davis Street

PHOTOGRAPHERS
Ray's Studio — Hoyburn Building
Toloff — 1623 Orrington Avenue

RESTAURANTS
Purple Inn — 813 Davis Street

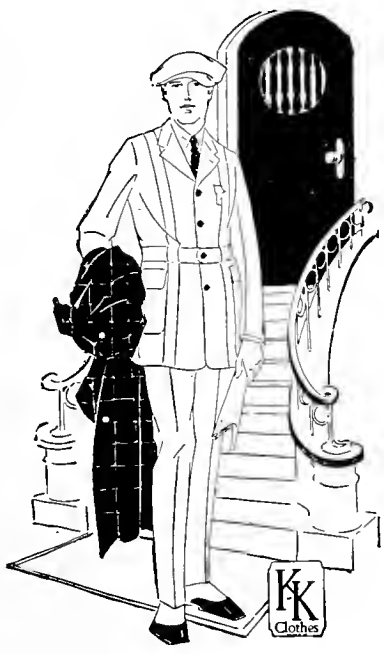
SHOES
National Bay State Shoe Co. — 296 Broadway, New York City
H. A. Meyer Shoe Co. — 103 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

STATIONERY
The Write Shop — 1714 Sherman Avenue

TEA SHOPS
Betsy Ross Tea Shop — 508 Davis Street
Parkway Tea Shop — 1505 Chicago Avenue

TOBACCOS AND CIGARETTES
Lucky Strike
Melachrino

TOURS
Educational Tours of Europe — 112 Elm St., Oberlin, Ohio



THE CAMPUS—an ultra stylish Norfolk model that is very popular with the college man. It's here in a wide variety of patterns and shades. Exceptional values at

$35 and $45

With Extra Trousers

JOHN F. DENVIR & SONS CO.

GOOD CLOTHES CORRECT HATS

19 E. Jackson Blvd.
Between State and Wabash

What could be sweeter?

Others Have! Have You?

OTHER STUDENTS have learned the quality and economy of Library Plaza Cafeteria meals.

Other students have welcomed the pleasure of tasty, wholesome food, that brings back memories of home.

Other students have shown shown their appreciation of our sincere endeavor to please every guest by telling others. Have you?

Library Plaza

CAFETERIA AND RESTAURANT

SUITS and OVERCOATS

FINAL REDUCTIONS

$27.50 VALUES TO $45.00

$37.50 VALUES TO $55.00

$47.50 VALUES TO $75.00

EXTRA SPECIAL NEW SPRING SUITS $45.00 WITH EXTRA TROUSERS

10 per cent Discount to Northwestern Students

If you will present your student's enterprise book and give us proof that you are a Northwestern Student, we will allow you a discount of 10 per cent on any merchandise purchased at our store.

UPTOWN CHICAGO'S LARGEST STORE FOR MEN

MEEK & MEEK

4611-13 BROADWAY—At Wilson Avenue *Open Evenings*

Prologue

Some readers, with a bent grotesque,
Whose likes incline to arabesque,
Will say this number is Bur*lesque;*

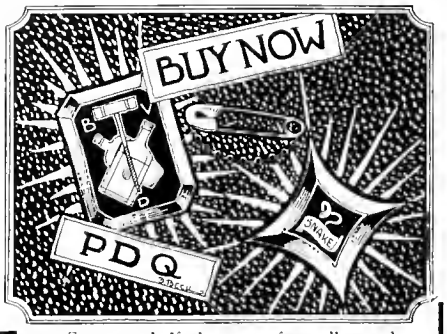
And others who will have their say,
And like their humor quite as gay,
Prefer to call it Burles*kay;*

A third contends, and quite a few
Hold this belief, the way to do
Is to pronounce it Burley*cue;*

But then, pronounce it as you may—
Burley*cue,* Bur*lesque,* or Burles*kay*—
We trust you all will call it gay.

—D. K. B.

With apologies to JUDGE



Save one-half the cost of a college education. Our solid gold fraternity pins are guaranteed to be

ABSOLUTELY NON-DEMOUNTABLE

Have you ever had your fraternity pin lost, stolen or otherwise misplaced? Then send this coupon for a **free trial** of one of our wonderful non-demountable fraternity pins—one pin positively guaranteed to last a lifetime. Our pins have been worn by every famous Greek since Achilles. Spring is coming. Do not delay to benefit by the most amazing trial offer ever made. A fortunate drop in the tin market makes it possible for us to offer these solid gold fraternity pins at **rock-bottom prices.** Guaranteed to pay for itself in two months. **No money down.** If at the end of a week you are not positively convinced that the pin is worth it, send the pin back at our expense. Send coupon today. Be sure and indicate bust measurements.

MAIL THIS COUPON

ALL THAT GLITTERS JEWELRY CO., Chicago, Illinois

Send me free of all charges one 26K solid gold fraternity pin as indicated below. I enclose no money. If at the end of one week I am still broke, I will return the pin by freight; otherwise I will send first payment of $3.48 and then $3.48 on the first of each month until death do us part.

Name_____
Father's address_____
Name of Registrar_____
Organization_____ Size_____

WHICH MAN WILL YOU BE?

What do you do with your spare change? Our correspondence courses will make you a success in ten payments. Thousands of government employees are taking our courses—from the post office to your home. Hundreds of thousands of FAMOUS men have been among our graduates, including King Tut-Ankh-Amen, Ananias, and the illustrious James brothers. Be a big man in the world. Mail the coupon at once.

Infernal Correspondence School
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:
I desire information concerning the courses checked below:

O Forgery	O Counterfeiting
O Bootlegging	O Petty Larceny
O Auto Theft	O Confidence Games
O Burglary	O Baseball Umpiring
O Politics	O Safe Blowing

Name_____
Address_____

With the College Wits

Irrepressible, Joyous, Irresponsible

Ma'm'selle X.: Jim is a good fellow but he knows some of the awfullest songs —

Ma'm'selle Y: Does he sing them to you?

Ditto X: No, but he whistles them.
—*Yellow Jacket*

✣ ✣ ✣

"Sir, your creditors await you without."

"Without what?"

"Without the door."

"Well, give 'em that, too."
—*Brown Jug*

✣ ✣ ✣

She (soulfully): "Suppose we had never met."

Him (more so): "Yes, I wonder who I'd be engaged to them." —*Gargoyle*

✣ ✣ ✣

"Well, Bloom," a physician asked a young colleague who was just starting in, "how's your practice?"

"In the mornings, practically no one comes," was the reply, "and in the afternoons the rush falls off a bit."
—*Penn Froth*

Percy says: "Whenever one of these male flappers steps out with a CHECK shirt, you can BANK on it that he is trying to draw some little 'Gold-digger's' INTEREST."
—Purple Parrot

Contrib.: "What is your opinion of that last poem I handed in?"

Asst. Ed.: "It is absolutely worthless."

Contrib.: "I know that, but I would like to hear it anyway." —*Gargoyle*

✣ ✣ ✣

Pete: Got any mail for me?

Postman: What's your name?

Peter: You'll find it on the envelope.
—*Ski-U-Moh*

UNITED CIGARS
—Carnegie Tech Puppet

✣ ✣ ✣

"What's stranger than a one-armed man winding his wrist watch?"

"A glass eye at a keyhole.—*Drexerd*

✣ ✣ ✣

"How did you keep your donation secret?"

"I sent in an anonymous check."
—*Harvard Lampoon*

✣ ✣ ✣

Wife (angrily): "You told me your stenographer was an old maid."

Husband: "Er — r — you see, she was sick today and sent her granddaughter." —*Record*

✣ ✣ ✣

Professor: "By the way, Mary, I've fired the furnace."

Mary: "Why?"

Professor: "Well, it went out, smoked, strewed ashes all over the floor and then began to use coke." —*Brown Jug*

✣ ✣ ✣

First Convict: "When I get out of this place I'm going to have a hot time, ain't you?"

Second Convict: "I don't know; I'm in for life." —*Phoenix*

With apologies to PHOTOPLAY

MY LIFE STORY

Marcella Manners, famous film star, tells of life struggle for fame in exclusive interview for Purple Parrot

AS TOLD TO WALTER SCHWIMMER

SHURE, Miss Manners will be glad to see youse in just a couple of minutes," murmured the French maid in her quaint Parisian accent.

At last I had gained my objective and was actually going to converse with the famous movie heroine who had always so strenuously avoided publicity and shrank from the public gaze! At last I was to meet the renowned Marcella Manners and learn from her own lips the secrets of her life and her hard struggle to stardom. I thrilled inwardly as I realized the omnipotence of the occasion.

I gazed reverently at my artistic, bohemian surroundings. The rich oriental carpet was ornamented here and there by hairpins, matches, cigaret stubs. On the wall were paintings and portraits revealing the connoiseur—John L. Sullivan, Jack Johnson, Christy Mathewson, and others I did not recognize. On the sideboard reposed a bottle of bevo and a box of crackers, while near the table I saw, tastefully arranged, an ironing-board resting on two chairs, and a basket of washing. Unaccustomed as I am to such surroundings, the atmosphere of the fashionable Hollywood mansion was almost overwhelming.

The sight of Miss Manners at once reassured me. She was stylishly dressed in a dull green kimona, and her wonderful black tress hung down on her neck in graceful folds. Her languid, half-closed eyes thrilled me with a sense of the imperceptible, and from her well-formed lips drooped a Turkish cigaret with the delicious oriental aroma of a cubeb. The woman fascinated me and held me spellbound.

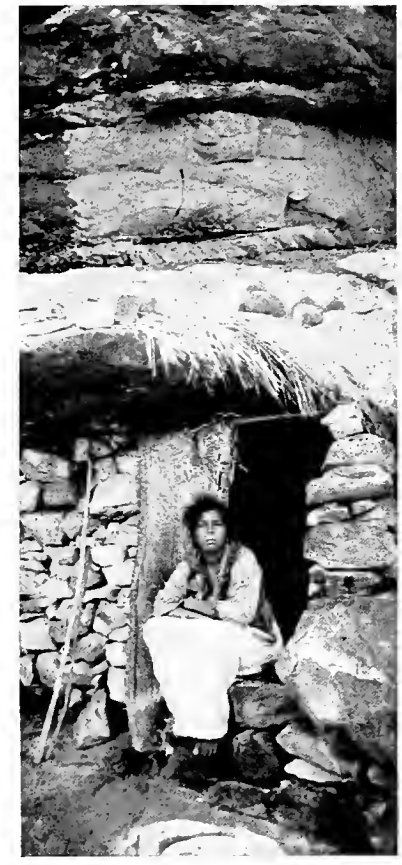
"What do yuh want?" she demanded in her musical, vibrating tones.

"I—I—that is—I should like—I want to know about your life history for the Northwestern **Purple Parrot**," I answered in a neat, businesslike tone. At this, her languor dropped away instantaneously. She offered me a chair and a bag of licorice caramels, and I took out my notebook.

"Thirty years ago," she murmured dreamily, "I was but a young girl of twenty-five attending a university at Moscow, (in Arkansas). I little realized as I took notes in economics class how little a low start in life really means if one rises above it." Tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she hastily seized a towel from the ironing board to dry them. A strange pallor seemed to come over her face in certain spots.

"Would you believe," she demanded, "that the dean of the university wanted me to fit myself for a teacher? But it was not to be," she went on with a note of pardonable pride in her voice, "I was equipped for higher things. At last my chance came. I was given an important part in a campus play called 'Wherefore Trouble Yourself?' Cecil Lasky Griffith, who was in the audience, recognized my ability at once, and I was engaged on the spot for his next million-dollar production. I was 'made'. Today, still in my youth, I am at the height of my fame."

I sensed at once that I had obtained a revelation that would astound and shock the world. As Miss Manners drew from a secret drawer of the sideboard a dozen photographs of herself and gave them to me, I hurriedly donned my hat and coat to rush the news to a waiting nation of fans. The interview was over. *(Continued on Page 98)*



A view of Maison Manners, the charming country villa of Miss Manners, who may be seen seated upon the piazza.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Eunice S.—Rodolph Valentino is married. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring a friendly reply. Yes, movie stars answer all correspondence personally.

W. D. S.—The actress you speak of made her first success playing opposite Edwin Booth in Shakespearean tragedies. She is now playing leading roles for the Catamount Film Company.

Willie, Lyons, Ind.—Vivan Dawes' real name is Patricia Diamenstein. She has appeared in "Almost for Love," "King Solomon's Mother-in-Law," "Sheiks and Shebas," etc:

Mary R. P.—No, Jackie Coogan is not married.

Vic—*Captain Billy's Whiz-Bang* or *The Police Gazette* may possess the information you ask for. Sorry, but there's a limit to everything. Come again sometime.

Harriet McKweel Strash—The Thos. Ince Studio, David Griffith, or Cecil B. DeMille would gladly use a young lady like yourself. No, do not write; it is better to apply in person. "Pull" or influence is not helpful in obtaining these positions. A simple, straightforward appeal is best.

Sister Kate—Rodolf Valentino is married. No, he never went to Northwestern.

Lenore, Poe, Ark.—Howard Fuller always plays a villain. His interpretation of the university registrar in "A College Tragedy" was extremely realistic.

Curious—The movie stars as a rule avoid publicity. The quiet, peaceful life of the home is their constant aim and ambition.

Maxwell Peabody Durtt—Mack Sennett's bathing beauties do not attend the University of California. Tuition rates at this institution are not higher than elsewhere.

R. C. F.—Opium is not sold in all Hollywood drug stores. You're welcome.

Anxious—You have been misled. You can learn a great deal from the schools offering scenario instruction, whose advertisements you see in magazines, such as Photo Play, even if your work is not accepted at first. No trouble at all.

Fred K.—Because of the insistent popular demand, I understand you will have the chance to see "Some Wild Oats" again at the Haybarn theatre next month.

Flapper—Rudoph Valentino is married. No, Marie Prevost was not a Red Cross nurse in the Civil War. Not at all.

—W. S.

With apologies to **VANITY FAIR**

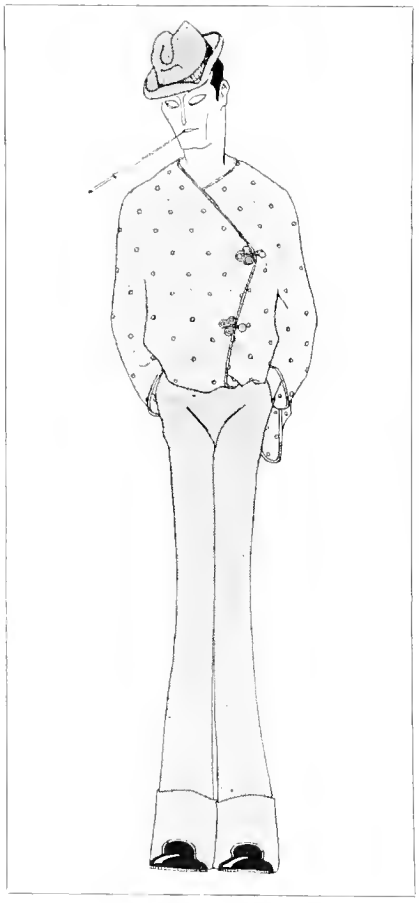
For the Well Dressed Man

Latest Notes on Men's Fashions on the North Shore

By Dunbar Beck

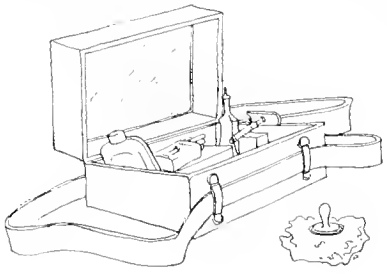
Our Evanston correspondent writes that at the recent convention of the United Snakes of America held in that city it was decided that the check lumber-jack shirt so extremely a la mode during the last season will be extremely "mud" this next one. In its place will be worn the new "Pajamashirt." This shirt, illustrated in the drawing, has a decidedly detached collar and is appropriate for both evening and morning wear while heretofore it was only considered "good" in the evening. It is exceptionally well fitted for attending "eight-o'clocks," as it can be worn with any pair of trousers that happen to be handy and looks well with house slippers of the soft-toed type.

Evening dress is still being worn on



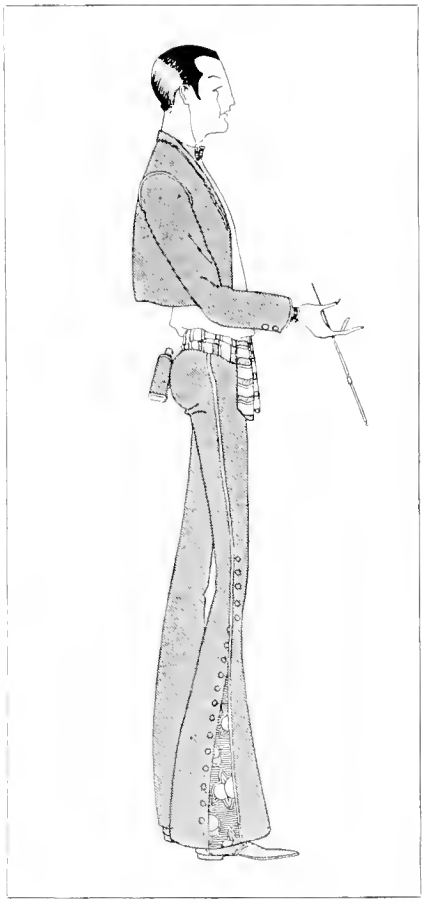
the campus in the evening, although some of the more daring have been seen wearing it in the morning. Many of the smart young men of the campus are raising serious objections to this. The staff of Vanity Fair realized the seriousness of this task assigned to it and as a result has called to the front, Monsieur I. Draw Flez, exclusive designer to England's most noble President, Gordon Gynn, to assist them in this work. He presents,

through Vanity Fair, the result of his labors. The suit sketched on this page was shown in Bond Street. It was made of black corduroy with seams of gold thread. A feature of this suit is the extra-large Flasque-pockets, hung on the outside to enable the easy tilting of the pocket. A coat cut very much on the old Eaton model is suggested by Monsieur Flez, who says that owing to the fact that this coat has no tail there is no danger of its catching on the stopper and pulling it out. The snug knees, loose bottoms, and snappy sash distinguish this as the young man's suit.



For the man at college who enjoys the chummy feeling and appearance of the loose London drape in coats, I suggest, writes our correspondent, the new lounging suit adopted at this convention. It is the same as the old B. V. D. model, but the snappy patch-pockets, short lapel, and two-inch cuffs, make it a distinctive creation in itself. The choice is not restricted by weave or pattern. It comes in both three and four-button models.

A smart accessory to this model is



the Sam Brown "Kosmo-kit," a Delt creation. This is shown in the illustration, covered with black oilcloth and bearing a charming crest in blue-gold. It contains, besides a flasque, all the other comforts necessary to the well-dressed man.

With apologies to **The American Magazine**

"Any Young Man Can Go to College"

George H. Hamwhoof started to the great university without a dollar besides his railroad ticket, and graduated with a B. S. and a fortune

By David K. Bruner

GEORGE H. HAMWHOOF

A man who had a goal, and enough "stick-to-it-iveness" and determination behind him to reach it. Read what Mr. Hamwhoof has to say about the problems facing the youth of our country today.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a tall, well-built young man, awkward but determined in his ill-fitting suit of ready-made clothes, climbed aboard a local train at a tiny Oklahoma hamlet and set forth to a fresh-water college of that state. In his pockets were a railroad ticket, a postage stamp, and a dollar bill. Five years later this same boy, immaculate in an irreproachable suit of the latest mode and with no signs of his outgrown awkwardness, received from the president of his Alma Mater a B.S. degree—and at the same time an honorary degree of LL.D., in recognition of his gift to the school of a $2,000,000 endowment fund. Moreover, he is the only graduate of the school who has received that double honor on the same day.

The hero of this modern romance is George H. Hamwhoof, once a poor ranchman's son, and now a leading citizen of his boyhood home town, Hamwhoof Centre, and the richest man of Cayuse County. "Any young man can do what I have done," says Mr. Hamwhoof, "provided he has the brains and the perseverance to start with. Although no other man has done what I have, that is no sign it cannot be done. Any young man can have a college education if he is willing to pay the cost and to work for it."

I found this extraordinary character at his unpretentious summer home in Tlaztlatlan, Mexico, surrounded by his pretty wife and his favorite Kentucky hooch-hound, Agnes. I was met at the portal by an imported Irish butler, who bade me wait and soon ushered me into the presence of the master mind. During my wait I had opportunity to admire the art treasures adorning the **atrium:** a very famous collection of the paintings of the Eskimo genius, Utmaggogalamatukaggut, and a remarkably complete collection of hip flasks, which proved to be empty.

I discovered Mr. Hamwhoof, like all truly great men, very modest and easy to approach and get acquainted with. With that forceful directness which has been so characteristic of his actions, he came at once to the matter in hand. "Well, young man, what do you want here? Spit it out!" he remarked when I came in.

I explained my errand and asked him to tell me some of the facts of his remarkable life. "Well, young feller, I ain't no man to blow my own horn," he began, with that raciness of speech peculiar to those who have lived close to nature and their fellow men. "At the same time, I want to say that no other man has yet did what I done, and what's more I done it all myself. What I am today, sir, I owe strictly to the sole efforts of one George Hannibal Hamwhoof. Put that down in your notebook."

He spoke engagingly of his college days. I asked him what prompted him to set out on the long journey to college and an education. "Do you know," he answered, with a confidential note in his deep voice, "I have often wondered myself. At that time, I would have done almost anything to get away from the ranch for awhile. The deadly monotony of the boundless plains, the daily round of Indian-fighting and bandit-chasing, were not for my sensitive soul. I determined to be something better.

"Why I picked Frankfurter College, down at Sorghum City, Oklahoma, is more than I can say. I think that is the town to which my father bought my ticket. At any rate, that ticket taught me a lesson: I knew I was going to get somewhere. And the postage stamp which constituted most of my luggage also taught me something. It was an eternal reminder to me to stick to it. Incidentally, I might say at this point that I later used the stamp to send a souvenir post card to my father, asking for a check."

The young adventurer had a hard row to hoe, but he set to with a will,

(Continued on Page 1177719)

Sid Says:

"Any Young Man Can Go to College If He Wants To"

ANY young man can go to college if he wants to. George H. Hamwhoof says this, and he is a man who ought to know. He worked his way himself, and he can tell others how to do it. Not by lily-fingered shillyshallying tactics, but by work, honest, hard toil, he attained his desire. If he, starting in on almost nothing, could complete his two-year course in five, what might not more fortunate youths accomplish?

There are greater opportunities today; the determined young man finds the way much easier. In the field of bootlegging alone, in the days when the work was comparatively unprofitable Mr. Hamwhoof accumulated the foundation of a modest fortune. Any young man who could not support himself and a car by this means in these days lacks the mentality to even give psychological tests, let alone pass them. And in other fields, with the constant advance of the advertising art and the selling game, there is the same broadening opportunity.

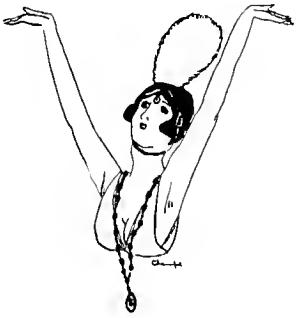
Many a young man who might have been a college graduate and an instructor, who might even have been making a living on the side, is slaving away in an office or digging ditches or selling bonds for a mere pittance which barely suffices to keep up two family establishments, a car and a golf course.

And yet any young man can go to college.

UNE LETTRE DE LA RUHR

—Il y avait une fois une lievre que demeurait dans une foret! Uni ranaid demeurait aussi dans cette foret!!

Jé suis lé pétit Piérre
Du fáubourg Sáint-Márcéáu,
Mésságér ordináiré,
Fáctéur ét portéur d'éáu.
J'ái plus d'uné réssourcé
Pour fáiré mon chémin:
Jé n'emplis pás má boursé;
Máis jé gágné mon páin.



VOICI!

VOILA!

Il y áváit uné fois un liévre qui démeuráit dáns uné forét. Un rénárd deméuráit áussi dáns cétte forét. Un mátin lé rénárd réncontrá le lievré. Le liévre sémbláit tres joyéux.

—Bonjour, mon chér ámi, dit lé liévré.

—Bonjour, mon chér, répondit lé rénárd. Vous sémbléz trés joyeux cé mátin.

—Qui, jé suis joyéux. Jé suis trés joyeux.

—Pourquoi étés-vous si joyéux, mon ámi?

—Jé suis joyeux párcé quá j'ái epousé lá chátte.

—Vous étes trés héureux, mon chér répondit lé rénárd.

—Pás si heuréux qué vous penséz, dit le lievré.

—Pourquoi n'étes-vous pás trés héuréux?

—Párce qué lá chátté est cruélle. Elle á des griffes trés aigues.

—Alors vous étes málheuréux, dit lé rénárd.

—Oh, pás si málheureux, párcé que má femmé ést riché. Elle á uné jolié jolié petité máison.

—Alors vous étes trés héuréux.

—Non, pás trés heuruéx, párce qué la máison á ete bruleé ce mátin.

—Célá est trés málheuréux, dit lé renárd.

—Oh non, pás tres hálheuréux, repondit éncore lé lievré, párce qué má femme a eté bruleé avec sá máison. Oui, ellé et ses griffes ont été bruléés.

—Celá est jeuréux, dit lé renárd. Je pense qué celá est trés heuréux. Jé comprends pourquoi vous semblés si joyéux.

Et le rénárd dit sdiéu á son heuréux ámi, ét pártit.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

By MALCOLM R. EISELEN

I.

Once mighty Roman legions
An empire held in sway;
From Britain to the Tigris
They held the foe at bay.
By land and sea they conquered,
Confessed by every foe
The monarch of the world, and then
Rome fell—for radio.

II.

Ere scarce a fortnight vanished
The craze had spread like fire;
Each Roman had his wireless
With several miles of wire.
And e'en on high Olympus
The craze did spread forthwith
And daily was broadcasted
The latest classic myth.

III.

And many a stalwart warrior
His shield and armor hocks
To purchase a condenser
Or buy a magnavox;
And in the Roman Senate
They could not raise a quorum
While gray-haired fathers helped to
Stretch aerials 'cross the Forum.

IV.

Then through their wide dominion
They spread their news afar.
E'en to this, this day we hear of
Station SPQR,
Which to the far-flung empire
The stock reports proclaims,
And broadcasts wide the scores of
The gladiatorial games.

V.

And then as now the ozone
Is one etherial hash,
Where jazz is mixed with sermons,
And tempers go to smash
When Virgil's epic verses
Are mingled quite grotesque
With notes of Nero's fiddle
Committing "Humoresque."

VI.

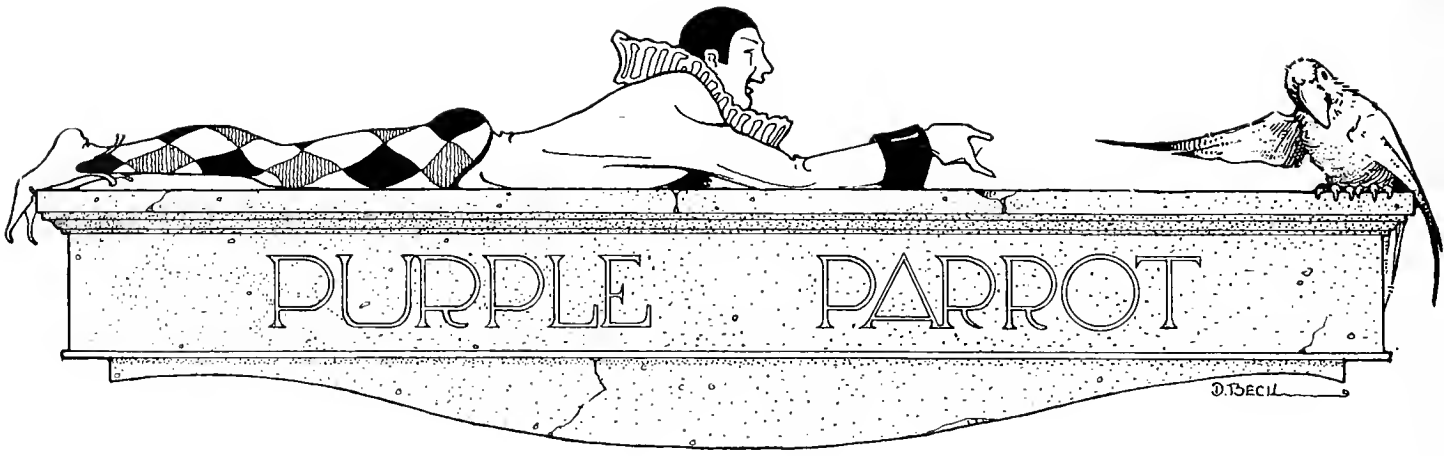
While amateurs were prone to
The most prodigious lies
Of messages they'd captured
From out the tranquil skies.
Here Ananias stood alone
And bent his knee to none:
He claimed he got time signals
Each day from Arlington.

VII.

While fiendish Nero's fury
More awful forms did take;
No more were Christians slaughtered
Or roasted at the stake,
But casting pity from him
His ghastly will prevails:
He makes them listen nightly
To Romans bedtime tales.

VIII.

Without, barbarians threatened,
With lust for Roman spoils,
Though knowing naught of audions,
Still less of tuning coils;
But, mind intent on wave lengths,
Rome lingered in its home.
That's why we use the perfect tense:
"The grandeur that WAS Rome."



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Burlesque—

IN some circles it goes almost without saying that burlesque calls for apology, if indeed it is to be allowed in company at all.

For burlesque is disrespectful to the powers that be and disturbing to self-centered complaisance. It is the Peck's Bad Boy of art, to use the term "art" in its broadest sense: forever thumbing its nose at plaster saints and playing tricks with the dignity and pomposity of things over-respectable. It questions what would be more comfortably taken for granted, and plays hob with the *status quo;* nobody is safe from this bad-mannered child of the fancy, and the injuries are all the more serious for wounding only dignity and pride.

Yet burlesque is art, if art be the holding of a mirror to life. The mirror in this case is warped, but it reflects. The distortion of the image serves to offset the flattering distortion in the viewer's image of himself. *Honorificabilitudinitas* (to borrow an expressive word from Shakespeare, carries a self-made picture that is a masterpiece of the retoucher's art, and to this the mirror of burlesque opposes a caricature. The solution of the problem is obvious: down with burlesque!

Burlesque sometimes takes an irreverent whack at the just as well as the unjust: down with burlesque! It attacks the very fundamentals of our glorious civilization, etc., etc.; down with burlesque! In the face of such a chorus of indignation, burlesque either stands shamefaced, or becomes ostentatiously virtuous, like a small boy caught in a cherry tree who waves his cap frantically at a marauding robin when he sees the farmer approaching.

The Burlesque Number of the PURPLE PARROT is therefore presented with all due apologies. We have but one to make—not that we burlesque, but that we occasionally do not.

A Fig for the Date—

After seeing "February, 1923" at the head of the editorial page in both this and the preceding issue, many of our readers are no doubt wondering why POLLY brings forth two issues for the shortest month of the year. So are the advertisers; and so is the staff.

Why are there two numbers for February? The correct answer is, that there are not two issues for February.

In the flurry incident to coming examinations, which some of our readers may remember, the February date line was permitted to pass unchallenged with the official heading "Volume III, Number 4," in spite of the fact that "Volume III, Number 3" was dated December. Simple, when one understands the inner working of the mystery.

POLLY was duly informed by sundry subscribers of the early release of the February number; and when irate advertisers began writing frantic demands for an explanation he decided the affair was, in the language of the Ag school, "a horse on him." He rises to remark that it means little to him, however, since the PURPLE PARROT is a stable publication.

Moreover, when a reader springs his discovery on us now, there comes the one chance of a lifetime to return that query, "Where do you get those old ones?"

Prizes for Poets—

Only two issues remain before the awarding of the Poetry Club prize for the best serious verse appearing in this magazine up to the last number, which was announced in the last issue of the PARROT. As was stated at that time, the award is to be made by three competent judges of poetry who will be selected by the Poetry Club, and the winning verse will be published in the May number.

No distinction is to be made in favor of either *vers libre* or the conventional forms. Limitations of space forbid the publication of epics, but apart from that no restrictions are made as to the theme or mood. The prize is offered to stimulate interest in original verse on the campus, and is open to all students. Contributions should be left at the Publications Office, University Hall, or with Miss Bernice Ford, president of the society.

Spring Fashions and Others—

What will be the next epidemic of habiliment to spread over the campus as the bandanna has done? Of course it is useless to conjecture in such a matter, but it is interesting to try. By this time fashion has about exhausted the possibilities for variety, as the solid colors have been superseded by dots and checks and curley-cues that would make a zebra giddy and drive a cubist to suicide in despair of attaining such heights of art. Surely, Buffalo Bill and all his wild west show were never arrayed like one of these coeds.

If the so-called gentle sex were to be truly consistent (which, of course, is not expected or, for that matter, altogether to be desired), we might expect to see them thronging our fair environs in broad-brimmed stetsons and leather gauntlets with a neat powder-puff pocket in the cuff; perhaps even with holster at side, and shiny spurs at heel with embossed designs, or engraved fraternity crests.

But we hope they will not be consistent. Imagine consistency with the recent wave of galoshes: our so-called fairest parading the campus in *chic* Eskimo suits with hoods and trousers attached, or perhaps oilskins and sou'westers. No, to be consistent would be about the most inconsistent thing fashion could do; and what is more vital, true consistency would eliminate fashion. Therefore, bring on the surprises—but we wonder what's next.

VERSES GRAVE—

DICTUM

Who walks as dreamless as a night
Bereft of silver-shadow art
May never share the candle light
Of my heart.

Who never fancies that his ills
Are shadows and his dreaming true
May never climb with me the hills
At jewel-dew.

—R. C. H.

TWO SONNETS

I. WALLS

The long road leads beyond the campus elms—
Beyond the sky that curves above the town—
To where a thousand ships with silver helms
Go sailing, sailing proudly up and down;
Where cities glow beneath the dark at night,
Where forests slumber black beneath the moon . . .
The long road knows the Roman morning light,
And hears the London twilight's muted tune.

And as it swings beyond our sleepy gates,
Tall people hurry down its heavy stones
To find their fortune where the round world waits
With busy clamoring of shouts and groans.

I thumb my Latin books and somber Greek,
And wonder where the treasure is they seek.

II. TO MYSELF, WHO WOULD WANDER

I hate the heavy streets of this great town,
I hate the river, and the raw brick walls,
I hate the chimneys where the slow smoke crawls
In lifting spirals to the sky's grim frown.
The people walking smugly up and down
Are brightly painted little rolling balls,
With jingling words in cautious woolen shawls . . .
A house—a shop—a silly golden crown.

There must be gardens in some ancient land
Where peacocks shimmer in the paling light;
There must be wide seas curving on the sand,
And old trees talking to the wind at night.
There must be worlds to watch and understand—
If something did not hold me here so tight.

—S.-M. B.

OLD AGE

The children dance and run in the wind,
And stretch their hands to the snow—
I sit beside the fire and sigh
To see it burn low.

The children gather hepaticas
And violets in May—
I think, "Another spring has come
To soon pass away."

The children sometimes cry at nothings
As though their hearts would break—
Then I am glad that I have learned
To hide my heart-ache.

—M. B.

OVERTONES

An aged fisherman down on the coast
Told me he saw my mother as a girl
In a north storm go down beside the sea
And laugh to see the openings in the sky,
The jagged streaks of lightning spilling through,
And laugh to feel the thunder as it shook
The sands beneath her feet, and run and leap
And toss her head for joy!

Why do I linger on to watch the fire
Until the last red ember dies away?
What holds me here?—I wonder—could it be—
That self same spirit, but grown old in me?

—E. C. F.

TEXTBOOKS

Slimy dull dust of wisdom
Stacked between periods, nagging;
While the pulsating bedlam
Of warm life and living is pulling
Me from you.

Perched over your mustiness,
Smirking slant eyed idols beckon me
To playthings of carelessness;
Forgetting your gloominess, luring me
Far from you.

—C. H.

AND VERSES GAY

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the bobbed and the long hair,
When the flapper's beginning to age,
Comes a pause in the hair-growing process
That is known as the awkward stage.

The end less vexation of curling,
Or tussles of pinned-on hair,
Atone for the months of comfort
And days that were free from care.

There comes from my roommate's corner
An agonized dancing of feet,
The singe of a curling-iron,
And swearing, soft and sweet.

But hairnets are still like charity—
They cover a mob of sins;
And store-hair smooths off the edges
Out where the rest begins.

—LULE.

THE STUDENTS' RECESSIONAL

Bane of the students, known of old,
Lord of the registration line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion o'er our credits nine,
Oh registrar, be with us yet,
When we forget, when we forget!

If, tired from last night's date, we loose
Wild tongues that hold not facts in awe,
Such bluffing as all students use
When textbook pages ne'er they saw,
Oh registrar, be with us yet,
When we forget, when we forget!

From heathen profs who put their trust
In weekly tests and exes hard.
Who lecture on as dry as dust
And, smiling, send a flunker's card,
For overcuts and sundry E's,
Thy mercy on thy students, please.

—M. R. E.

WITHOUT PREVIOUS WARNING

There are so many
Many things
Within this vale of tears,
That clip
My
Soaring spirit's wings,
And burden my young
Years.

A quiz, a flunk, or
Book
Store bills,
Can give me quite a shock
But
Worst of all my
Earthly ills
Is the prof who
Cuts
His eight o'clock.

—SARA.

THOUGHTS ON FLUMONIA

(After Stevenson)

The world is so full of a number of things.
I'm sure we should all be happy as kings
Because we don't get 'em.

—LULE.

THE PROFESSORS

I've taken my cuts when I need them,
An' slumbered the rest o' the time;
I've had my piek o' professors,
An' some o' the lot was prime.
One was a Phi Bete highbrow,
An' one that I didn't like;
One was the fellow in Chemistry D,
An' one o' them rode a bike.

Now I aren't no end in the bluffin',
An' kiddin' professors along;
You never can tell till they've flunked you:
Then you know that your methods were wrong.
There's times to pretend you're a wizard,
There's times to confess you don't know:
But the profs that you've bluffed in physies an' lit
Won't get you much credit in zoo!

—M. R. E.

A COLLEGIAT

Text by E. H. Shaffer

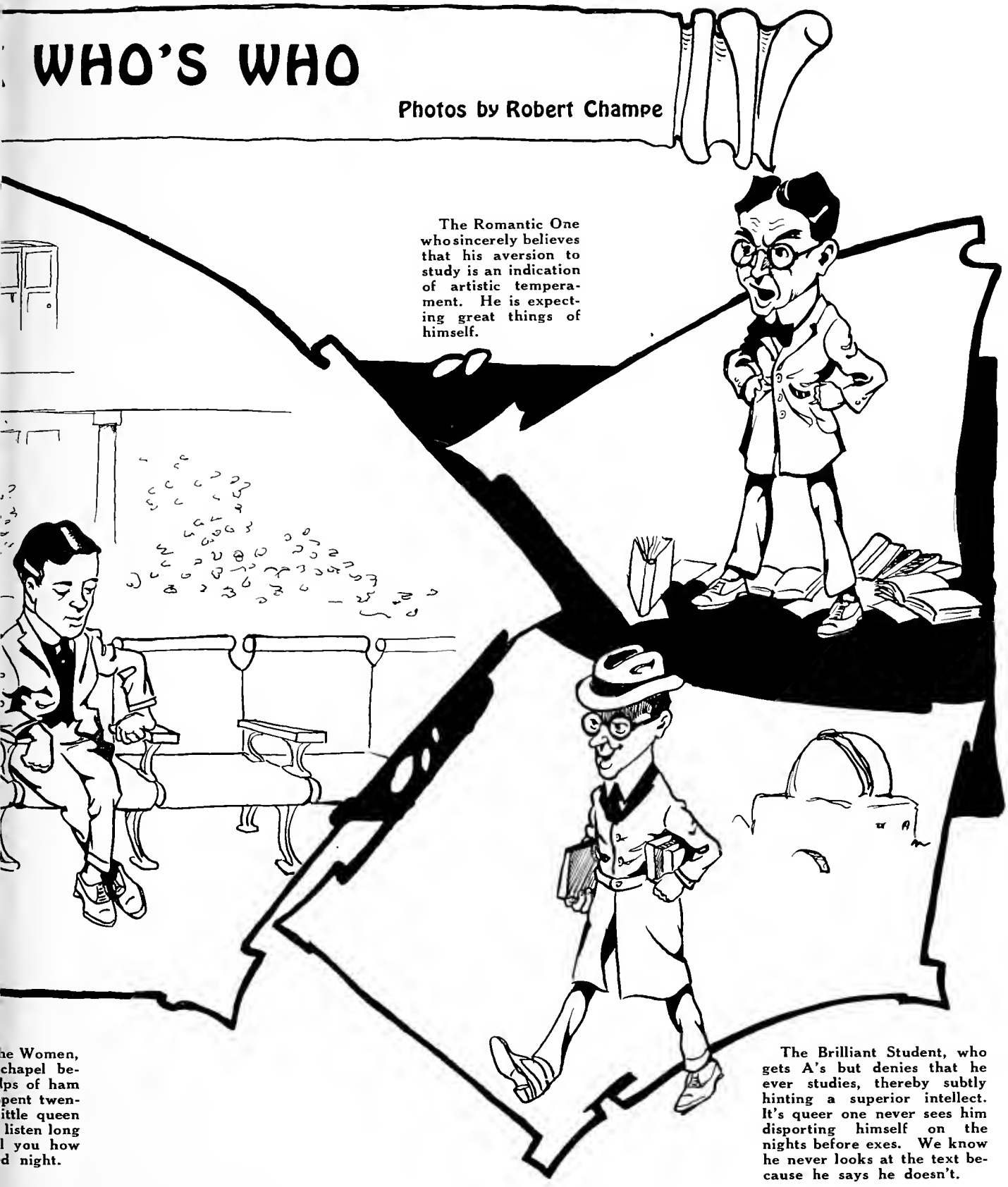
The Organization Man whose chest glitters with near jewels. He can conduct seven beautiful pledging services and he knows more grips than Frank Gotch ever heard of.

The Cynic who can do nothing himself but who freely exercises his right to sneer at everyone who can.

The Devil w
who tells you
tween ravenou
sandwich how
ty dollars on
in Ec class. If
enough he wil
he kissed her

WHO'S WHO

Photos by Robert Champe



The Romantic One who sincerely believes that his aversion to study is an indication of artistic temperament. He is expecting great things of himself.

he Women, chapel be- lps of ham pent twen- ittle queen listen long l you how d night.

The Brilliant Student, who gets A's but denies that he ever studies, thereby subtly hinting a superior intellect. It's queer one never sees him disporting himself on the nights before exes. We know he never looks at the text because he says he doesn't.

HE'S A BEAR!

Female: You viper!
The Gallant: You snake-charmer!

OURSELVES, QUOTH BRUTUS, HAVE HELD THE SACK

1st: What has John Held?
2nd: A good deal for the money.
3rd: Ace, king, queen, jack, ten of clubs.
4th: The Flush of Victory!

The first stock company ever floated: Noah's ark.

A ROMANCE OF TODAY

Romeo: Come down from thy balcony, Juliet.
Juliet: Gotta coupla orchestra seats?

DUET

Tenor (con amore): I yearn to marry thee!
Soprano (chili con carne): You should earn to marry me!

A MODERN BUCCANEER

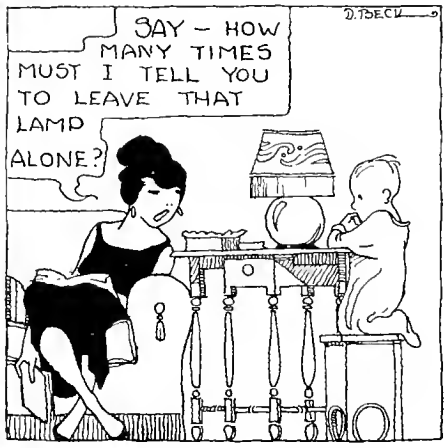
SO WRITETH THE YOUNGER GENERATION

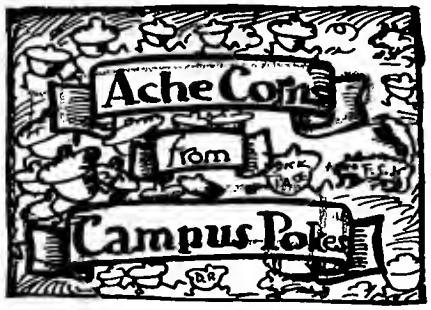
She 1: He didn't say he loved me; he just kissed me.
She 2: You might infer that he loved you.
She 1: But that isn't done in Fitzgerald or college magazines.

University: The home of the fee and the land of the rave.

PERSONAL ITEM

Willard Hall, well known in these parts, has a sister at Illinois, Uni. Hall.





THE DUMBEST FROSH:

Thguy who thniks that Alaska Bars are Canadian Saloons and that an Eskimo Pie is an Alaskan frater nity.

O. O. F.

Dear Ache Corns:

Two bums were walking down davis street . One of the m stopped

Two hums were walking down Davis street. One of them stopped the other and said to him, "You havn't got tencents for a cup of cofee, ha ve you? No. How did you know," the first one answered."

—Oswald.

YOU SAID IT!

Gosh its hard to get youre party when You call the Willard Phone phone.
Though your patience may be hearty
Still its, hard to get your party,
Operator is a smarrrty,
She resents yourvul gar tohn.
Yesits hardt o get youre part y,
When you callx the willard phohn.

PREXY.

er and said to him, "You haven't got ten cents for a cup of coffee, have

---

Hot watchman!

Dean Hrrington found the follo wing constainedin a story handed in bysome one inhis news editing class: "The fire was discovered by the watchman burning on the tenth florr."

From Alph to Pa:

Thother day our English prf (he isnt realy English but he teaches it, told us we would havve to writea 800words theme for the first semester. Somebody hollered what should nwe write about?" and the prof answrd, "I Somebody hollered, "What should we write about?" and the prof answered, "I just told you, about 800 words." Evrybody lauphed but I couldnt see what was funy a bout that. You're sun, Aph.

There are got grabbers and there are goat grabbers, but the guy who stands alone, supreem uxcelled, nonpareled hasno supeariors, a nd few equals, eaquals, is the guy who asks You if its Cold enough.

F. S., Jr.

EXAMINATIONS
(In the style of Vachel Lindsay)

To be read with beauty and light in the voice, like a Harvard M. A.

Owl-eyed professor with a sardonic smile
Propped behind a desk with blue-books in a pile.

Wan-eyed students coming in one by one,
Casting frantic glances now the cramming all is done,
Whisp'ring scattered phrases while their spirits cringe and cower,

With a sudden booming Voice of Doom

Waiting for the questions at the fatal hoar.
Waiting for the blue books at the fatal hour.

To be read in silence

Pass out the blue books!
Pass out the questions!
Please pass the students is the constant prayer,
Crossing all the campus and climbing up the stair,
Pressing on the prof as he is seated in his chair,
Thumbing over blue books in examination gloom,
Enveloping the room.

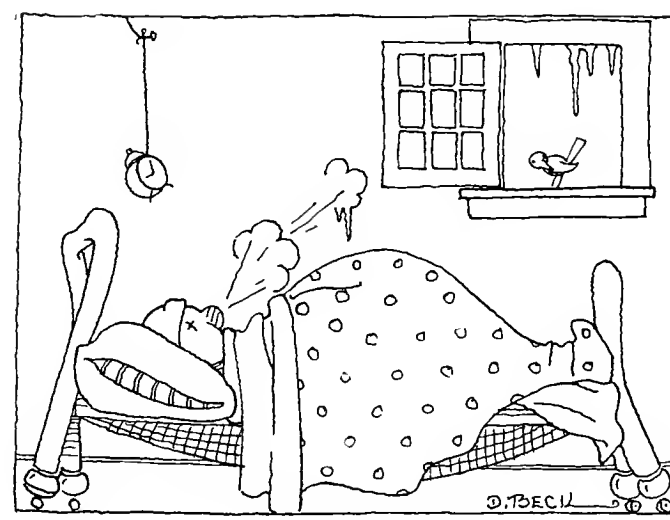
Sardonically, like a Commerce prof

"Only-ten-more-minutes-to-write"
"Only-ten-more-minutes-to-write."
Vain the cramming all the sleepless night.
Blue books are victors throughout the place,
Forcing their blue on each weary face,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, students rise and leave the room,

Dying away like a railroad train leaving the Union Station for home

Tramp. tramp. tramp. through the deep-blue gloom,
Down, down, down, to a deep-blue doom.

—*M. S.*



A HEAVY SLEEPER

THE NIGHTS ARE LONGER

She: Is late rising injurious?

Him: It shortens one's days, I believe.

ANOTHER ULTIMATUM

"Charge," said the general.

"No, C. O. D.," replied the munitions maker, and another deal for guns was called off.

Willie: I knew sister wanted you to go skating.

Smith: Why?

Willie: Because I heard her say she's been dying for you to break the ice.

Medic Prof.: What is genius?

Jenks (whose father is a specialist): An infinite capacity for faking pains.

Roommate: I'd rather be right than president.

Roommate: At your present speed you're not likely to be either.

"I've dropped on a good thing," said the tree as it fell on the preacher.

Alumnus: If you have the right stuff in you, it's bound to show in time.

Pledge: Is that why you have a red nose?

Fussee: My, this whipped cream is good!

Brute: Yeh, that's why they whip it.

Will: "Just think, a man fell from a twelve-story building and was only bruised a little!"

Wilfred: "You don't say!"

Will: "Yes, he fell from the entrance of the building to the sidewalk."

SPECIMEN OF HUMOR, COLLEGE STYLE

She: I don't like your not being shaved.

He: I'm sorry.

She: I really feel it very much.

"It's not my fault, it's the way I was raised," he wailed when asked to pay his poker debts.

Romantic Coed: What I want is a young man with a strong heart and a big future.

Cynical Ditto: And what I want is an old man with a weak heart and a big past.

LOGICAL MAXIMS

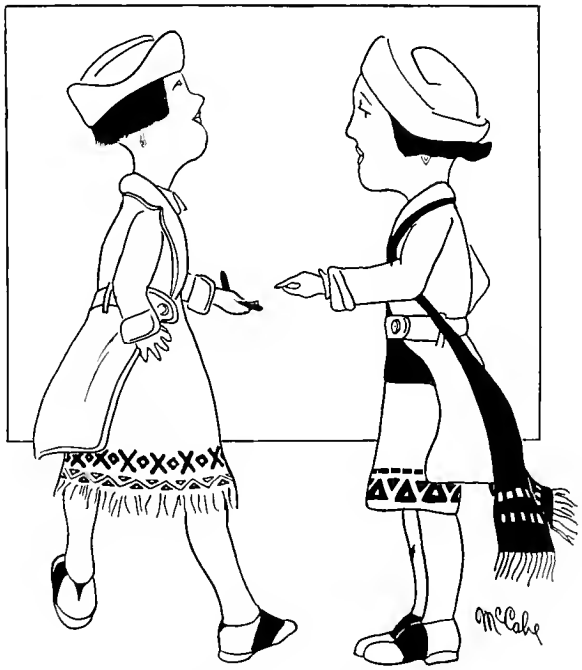
All generalities are superficial, including this one.

There are exceptions to all rules, including this one.

Do all things in moderation, even in following this maxim.

All epigrams are true only in certain observable spots—not excluding this one.

There is no truth, except that there is no truth.



THAT'S DEAD RIGHT

Fair Visitor: Do you mean to say there's only one undertaker in this town?

Native: Yeh, guess the stiff competition drove out the rest.

Sallie: Willie, I don't see how you can be so wicked.

Willie (modestly): Aw, it ain't so very hard.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FORMAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

(The following forms for correct social usage are by our Etiquette Editor, Mlle. Fannye Jayne Jones, of New York and Giddy Corners, South Dakota. When we ventured to suggest that these differ from forms we have seen, she chicly replied that they differ from traditional models only in telling the truth. "If this be burlesque," said she with a nonchalant wave of her delicately perfumed corn cob pipe, "make the most of it." This contribution is her own, and is not to be taken as an expression of editorial policy.—Ed.)

Mr. and Mrs. J. Waddington Astorbilt
denounce the engagement of their daughter
Sylvia Phyllis
to
Mr. J. Flannigan O'Flaherty

Mr. and Mrs. Aldis Q. Smith
request the honor of your presents at the marriage
of their daughter
Chlorine Mae
to
James Quackenbos Quintes
at their residence, 4948 Railroad Ave., at 2:30 p. m.,
Wednesday, February 29

At home with
the bride's parents
after honeymoon check
is spent

PREPAREDNESS

"Rastus, why fo you pack dat 'er razor to dis dance?"

"Niggah, don't you read, yourself, as how dis heah am to be a cut-in dance?"—Whirlwind.

THE REVOLT FROM THE HERD

I shrank into the corner and closed my eyes to the painful sight of a lady clutching frantically for a swinging strap. The "L" careened about the final curve and soothed itself on the straightaway; the lady captured the strap and I was free to open my eyes and observe the so-called human race in migration.

The lower half of fifteen faces was working in perfect rhythm with the steady click of the wheels. Fifteen apples of Adam were sliding up and down with piston-like regularity as fifteen jaws automatically clamped and released fifteen pennyworth's of chewing gum. Fifteen pairs of eyes gleamed with the placid content of work being well done. With fifteen minds blissfully unconscious, fifteen sets of molars industriously popped hosannas to Mr. Wrigley.

It was disgusting.

At the next station I threw away three sticks of Spearmint and bought a package of Yucatan.

—E. H. S.

"Down in front!" cried the audience when they saw the youthful speaker's moustache.

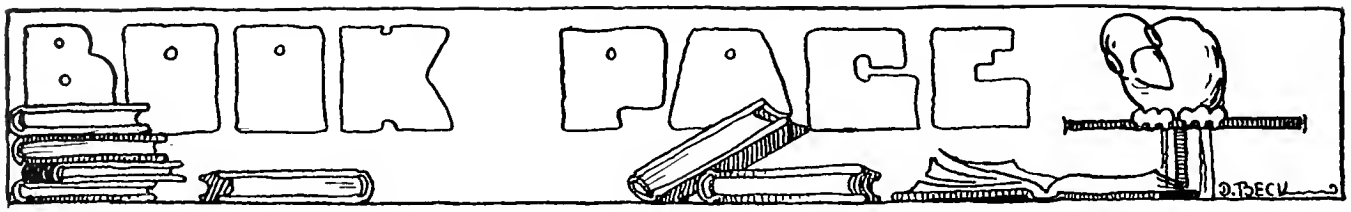
HOW TO GET A JOB

Register, steadily cut your classes, cheat in the exams, never go to chapel, knock the university, and soon you'll find yourself in a pretty situation.

A HAIR-RAISING QUESTION

Polly: I see the Russians want to declare a moratorium.

Si: But they still refuse to have anything to do with a tonsorium.



A WORM'S-EYE VIEW OF COLLEGE

"Town and Gown," by Lynn and Lois Seyster Montross (Doran), is being acclaimed as the "Main Street" of the American college. The book is a series of stories that seek to tear away the conventional habiliment of a mid-western university, leaving it bare, showing up its distortions. The stories are frankly a criticism of co-educational institutions of the higher order, although at times the authors stand bravely in defense of the college folk, their argument being, "youth." Their theory seems to be that wild oats are at present being reserved for the youngsters at college. The influence of Freud upon the authors is apparent.

Although rather mutable, the authors show evident knowledge of college life; but occasionally their arm shakes with bias and a horrible blotch results. They are thoroughly prejudiced against the social life of the university, seeing the average affairs as "the drawn-out moan of a saxophone, the uncouth reverberation of a drum—a mottled serpent twitching moistly in and out of impossible harmonies, threshing itself brassily against the night air, sometimes darting a scarlet, forked tongue, accompanied by the shuffle, shuffle, of feet."

There is no doubt that the authors are erudite, and we know that the university of today is not the Victorian enterprise that many think it is. Still, these stories seem to be far fetched and emotionally untrue.

Since the authors are proteges of the modern pedantic, H. L. Mencken, and these stories have appeared individually in the Smart Set, the book will be taken as the truth by many of its readers.

It is up to some college man or woman to come back at this Montross attack, even for the sake of propaganda, and prove that the college folk are not such bacchantes as they are being painted.

———

—L. F. C.

"The Queen of Sheba," by one Phinneas Crutch, M.A., F.P.A., S.O.S., is the best piece of literary fooling we have seen recently. The author sets a new world's record for the pseudo-scientific style by omitting all dull moments.

FINDERS

John V. A. Weaver

At some time in his life every man commits to memory some sort of verse. It may be "The Old Oaken Bucket" or one of Robert Service's Alaskan ballads or even a choice bit from the platitudinous Guest, but something with a swing and an occasional rhyme it will be.

After reading "Finders" (Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y.), the second book of Johnny Weaver's poems in American "slanguage," I am thoroughly convinced that these are the kind of poems that creep into the verse repertoire of the proletariat. For these stories and moods in verse do not poke fun at the common man, but take his dreams, his fun and his tragedies out of his daily life and embody them in appropriate verse.

When, if ever, the semi-cultured American ceases to elevate his nostrils at things American, and, forsaking the romantically distant foreign, actually welcomes such innovations as Weaver's, we may have better and truer American literature.

Weaver was at one time a book staff man for the Chicago Daily News, and in his new book follows the plan of "In American," in giving us the life and thought of the proletariat of the Middle West. In fact, the Middle West is much more in evidence in this new volume than in the other.

"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em", "Erma", "Shaggy", "Old" and the delicate "Revisited" and the singing "Scratches" are among the finest poems in the little book. "Concerning the Economic Independence of Women" reflects the attitude of the modern working girl far better than anything else I have yet read.

You will read and re-read "Finders" and slowly, but surely these easily remembered lines will find a place in your memory.

———

—C. R. H.

THE WORLD IN FALSE-FACE

George Jean Nathan—(Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y.)

For the civilized human with an ounce or two of sophistication in his make-up, George Jean Nathan's "The World In False-Face" cannot fail to be the best sort of amusement. For, unlike his previous books, this new volume contains criticism not only of the theatre, but of men and

(Continued on page 27)

Building a famous box of candy

How each one of these sweets won the right to its place in The Sampler

If you were to have in front of you at this moment the ten most famous Whitman packages and were to select from each candies to make up an assortment that would be a "sampler" of them all, you would follow exactly the method we use in making up Whitman's Sampler.

Every sweet in this unique package is a long-tested favorite from other packages of Whitman's—famous since 1842. Every sweet in the sampler has "won the votes" of the most critical purchasers of candy in America.

Everything about the sampler is unusual—the quality of the sweets, the way they were selected and the quaint box that women like so much to keep.

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Fraser & Lee
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Lee-Fraser Drug Co.
John V. Lee
University Drug Store
H. L. Swenson

Special Northwestern Package

How the That's Right Family Got Opinions

(With the Customary Note to Carl Sandburg Who Thought of It First)

By E. H. SHAFFER

PEOPLE:

Pa Thats Right
George Thats Right
Professor I See

OTHER PEOPLE:

(See if you can't think of some other people)

"How is it?" inquired Pa Thats Right looking severely at his only son, "how is it that you have no opinions?"

"Opinions!" exclaimed George Thats Right, looking at his only father. "Opinions!"

"Opinions," asseverated Pa Thats Right, "Is what I said. When I ask you anything you don't tell me anything about anything," complained Pa Thats Right, looking straight at the place where his only son's ears should have been, straight at the place where, as it happened, they were.

George Thats Right's ears rotated as much as to say something; but they did not say something, they only rotated.

"You ain't got any opinions," grumbled Pa Thats Right.

"Thats Right," answered George, breaking the silence caused by his not saying anything.

"You got," announced Pa Thats Right, "to go to college and learn to have opinions. This family has gone long enough without having opinions."

So George Thats Right put clothes into a trunk and got on a train and gave the conductor a ticket. The conductor looked at the ticket and wrote in a book with a pudgy pencil and then he put the pudgy pencil behind his ear and thus George Thats Right went to college to learn to have opinions.

At college George Thats Right sat in seats with other students who were sitting in seats and listened to the words Professor I See was saying. Professor I See said many words, some of which George remembered. They were nice words, long words that made the tongue feel well after it had pushed them out of the mouth. Once in a while the students would write on paper the words that Professor I See had been saying. Then Professor I See would write on the paper on which were written the words he had been saying, a large letter. The large letter meant that the words written on the paper were the proper words or partly the proper words or they were not the proper words at all. George Thats Right almost always remembered part of the proper words and almost always got written on his paper a letter that meant almost the proper words.

So in four years George Thats Right sat on a platform with many others who were sitting on the platform and a man said many words for two hours. Then some one gave George and the other students (although, of course, now they were no longer students, as the man had just told them), gave George and the other students a paper nicely engraved with words and George took it home to Pa Thats Right.

"Well, I am glad that this family has got opinions at last," said Pa Thats Right and he hung the paper on the wall.

And when travelling men come to the Bet Your Boots country Pa Thats Right takes them to the wall and points to the paper which hangs on the wall. And Pa Thats Right will say, "You bet your boots we got opinions in this family."

* * *

But do you know, Pa Thats Right will never let George talk to the travelling men!

SONG

Pierrot to Pierroxide

Pierroxide, hearken to my mushy line:
O Pierroxide, be my Columbine!

I'm in love with thy lips that will scarcely rub off,
I'm entranced by thy hand-painted, fresh-colored cheek
I think I could kiss without sneezes or cough;

Every wart on thy hand makes me love thee the more,
Every tooth on thy washstand I cherish, your sheik,
Every hair on your bureau I love and adore!

Pierroxide, hearken to my mushy line:
O Pierroxide, be my Columbine!

—D. K. B.

WHEN choosing a place for your fraternity dances why not enjoy the advantages that our Solarium offers you?

Within a short ride of the University, by elevated or surface cars, the beautiful and spacious Solarium is an ideal place at all seasons for parties and banquets. It may be rented at a very moderate cost.

Informal Dances

The fall and winter program includes informal dinner dances in the Solarium every Thursday evening.

The Dining Room

Sunday dinner in the Somerset's moderately-priced restaurant from 1 o'clock on, is an attractive feature to North Shore residents.

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Sheridan Road at Argyle
CHICAGO

S. W. GERSTNER, Manager
(Formerly of French Lick Springs Hotel)

Telephone
Sunnyside 7000

THE WORLD IN FALSE FACE

(Continued from page 24)

women, art and life, and uses praise and satire wherever they are best applied.

Nathan gives, in his foreword, his credo for things both dramatic and political, and in it he reflects the attitude of the completely sophisticated man. Perhaps he will not find sympathy for his beliefs among ninety per cent of his countrymen, but among the other ten there will be many who have a sneaking respect for his ideas whether they have the same courage and opportunity to declare themselves or not.

There is nothing by way of quotation or specific report that can be said of this book except this: read the foreword. If you find your Americanism insulted or your pet theories flayed and your temperature rising, take a cold shower and get rid of the book. If you find his credo amusing and you desire to test out his theories of art and human conduct, settle down for two or three hours of mighty good fun.

Nathan is alive and aggressive. He is not a radical. He is our foremost dramatic critic and "knows his stuff." On these grounds one should be able to forgive him anything and grant him the license of a true artist. —C. R. H.

Educational Tour
Europe, Summer 1923

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Director
Dr. H. W. DUNNING, Former Yale Professor
Business Manager
Mrs. HOWARD HUCKINS, A. M., Former President
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BEST FITTING
BEST LOOKING
BEST FEELING
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Shoe, Buy the

BOSTONIANS

H. A. MEYER SHOE CO.
The Rendezvous for College Men
55 E. Monroe St. - 103 So. Wabash Ave.

CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN

Maria—John, John, get up, the gas is leaking!

John—Aw, put a pan under it and come to bed. —Green Gander.

Farmer (to artist working by the roadside)—H'm! You know, I never could do that—ain't got the patience.—Life.

"Good morning, have you used Pear's soap?"

"No, I'm not rooming with him this year."—Purple Cow.

I wish I could get that waiter's ear, said the hungry young man in a restaurant.—Jack-O-Lantern.

A boy was leading a dilapidated-looking horse down a country lane.

Traveler—Say, boy, how long has that horse been dead?

Boy (quickly)—Three days, sir—but you're the first buzzard who's noticed it.—Drexerd.

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NORTH SHORE BOOTERY
529 DAVIS ST., COR. CHICAGO AVE.

NO EXTRA CHARGE

Waiter: There's a fly in my ice cream.

Serves him right; let him freeze.—Mirror.

Flossie—I got a letter from Frank—the hateful old thing; he's in Florida.

Flora—What makes you think he's so hateful?

Flossie—He says that he shot a seven-foot alligator, and as soon as he shoots another he'll have a pair of slippers made for me.—Punch Bowl.

Hey, Duke, can you tell me the name of Coleridge's last poem?

Kubla Kahn.

Thanks. Where's his room?—Lampoon.

Is Bill 'round?

I never noticed it.—Jack-o-Lantern.

Young M. D.—I'm sorry, but—er—can't you wait until I can hang out my shingle?

Irate Landlady—Young man, don't you go telling me about any shingle—what I want is your board!—Froth.

If a baker can loaf three times a day, how much can a shirt waist?—Mugwump.

At Lunch Time

Our Special Students' Luncheon, 60c

Old Fashioned Navy Bean Soup
Consomme Royal
Fried Spring Chicken, Country Gravy
Roast Sirloin of Beef with Pan Gravy
Fried Codfish Cakes with Bacon
Omelette with Asparagus
Breaded Spring Lamb Chops with Peas
Chicken a la King
Mashed Potatoes Bread and Butter
Coffee Tea Milk
Pudding Choice of Pies

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Send that girl a picture—

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And DOROTHY GISH in "FURY"

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With Gaston Glass — Ernest Torrance

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The meanest man in the world is the roommate who borrows you best tie, and then goes out and orders grapefruit.—Wampus.

The street vendor's business is no trade. It is a calling.—Goblin.

Our idea of an optical illusion is the guy who falls in love with a dimple, and marries the whole girl.—Whirlwind.

A great deal of alleged golden hair is plaited. —Goblin.

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If you like an attractive place to take a Co-ed to lunch

If you like a place with the college atmosphere

If you like some place to eat before going home at night

You will find that place at

Du Breuil's

EVANSTON, ILL.
620 DAVIS ST.

Skull: A man told me I looked like you.

Bones: Where is he? I'd like to knock his block off.

Skull: I killed him.—Virginia Reel.

Daniel might have gotten away easily in a lion's den, but I'll venture a 1922 model co-ed could have gotten a meal out of him.—Juggler.

Small boy (caught reading dime novel)—Unhand me, villain, or there will be bloodshed.

Father: Nope, woodshed.—Phoenix.

"Is your beef tender today?" asked the shopping sailor.

"Sir," replied the sentimental butcher, "it is as tender as a woman's heart."

"Gimme a pound of sausage," ordered the sailor hastily.—Naval Air Current.

THE COLLEGE RENDEZVOUS
BEACH VIEW GARDEN
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HAROLD LEONARD
AND HIS DANCE-COMPELLING
RED JACKET ORCHESTRA — DANCE

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Dinner 5:15 to 7:30
Not Open Sunday

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Luncheon—11:30 till 2:00
Dinner—5:30 till 7:30
Sundays—12:00 till 2:30

Private Rooms for Dinners and Dancing Parties
Special Rates to Students

An invitation from that girl is a valued thing.

Show that appreciation with a corsage of flowers.

HENRY Wittbold and Son LOOP FLOWER SHOP

75 East Adams Street
Phone Wabash 3841

I just got hold of a tender piece of meat.
Impossible!
Yes, I just bit my lip.—Lampoon.

Just because you don't like her apartment you needn't knock her flat.—Phoenix.

What do you think of Walter Camp's Daily dozen?
I prefer Heinz's 57 myself.—Brown Jug.

What sent poor Dick to the insane asylum?
A train of thought passed through his brain and wrecked it.—Tiger.

Abe Cohen rushed Rebecca
And Sammy rushed her, too,
Abe won and now poor Sammy
Calls Abe a rushin' Jew.
—Phoenix.

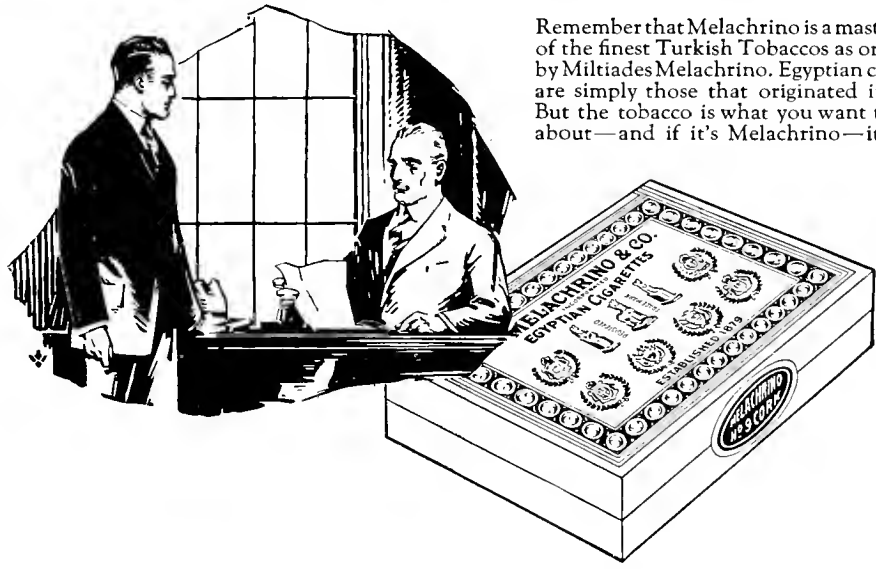
Sister—Oh, Jimmy, you're cruel. How could you cut that poor defenseless worm in two?
Jimmy—Aw, sis; he seemed so lonesome.—Phoenix.

In Engineering—

WHEN you come to apply for that job let's hope the chief will say: He's a hard worker—clean cut—well educated—with a scientific bent—and he knows his way 'round, because he smokes

Melachrino

"The Cigarette Elect of All Nations"



Remember that Melachrino is a master blend of the finest Turkish Tobaccos as originated by Miltiades Melachrino. Egyptian cigarettes are simply those that originated in Egypt. But the tobacco is what you want to know about—and if it's Melachrino—it's right.

SPECTACLES *and* EYEGLASSES

The Almer Coe Store in the North Shore Hotel offers everything in the way of eyeglass service that any optical store anywhere can have for you. Full stocks of all styles of frames and lenses are carried, and all work is done on the premises. New lenses can be made accurately from the measurements of old lenses without the original prescription.

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THE Write SHOP

1714 Sherman Avenue

EVANSTON

Mrs. Eskimo—Where have you been for the last six months?

Mr. Eskimo—I sat up all night with a sick friend.—Juggler.

Which professor was it that just before he went to class the other morning, threw his wife out the back door and kissed the garbage.—Flamingo.

Is this boat safe? queried the prospective buyer.

Safest on earth, replied the salesman.—Yellow Jacket.

"Pa, what does VENI, VIDI, VICI, mean?"

"Oh, it's just one of those college yells."—Pelican.

"Where did you get the cigars?"

"A friend of mine in Cuba sent them to me."

"He sure does know the ropes down there."—Bison.

M. MacClane
BEAUTY SHOP
has opened its new parlors for the convenience of Northwestern Co-eds
at
636 Church Street
Opposite Public Library
Phone 8104

SO WOULD WE

Pretty Coed: "Did you speak to me?"

Romantic Freshman: "No, but I'd like to."—Beanpot.

"How do you like the Amazon?"

South American Explorer (absent mindedly)—"I was a fool to ever marry her."—Ex.

It's funny how the English sense of humor is ridiculed in the United States—and how many English jokes are reprinted.—Voo Doo.

Bystander (to men digging furiously): "Watcha digging for?"

Digger: "Lord, dontcha know? They's a guy buried here under fifteen feet of earth!"

Bystander: "Watcha gonna do with him when you get him out?"

Digger: "Bury him, of course!"—Goblin.

"I'm nobody's fool," she declared.

"Be mine," he offered generously.—Tiger.

"I say, porter, did you find fifty dollars on the floor this morning?"

"Yes, suh. Thank you, suh."—Brown Jug.

M. Weiland

FflorIST

"Say It With Flowers"

2656—Pohnes—2657 602 Davis St.

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To the Northwestern University Students and Co-eds.

The North Shore Hotel Barber Shop

The most Sanitary in Evanston, is employing only First Class, Experienced Barbers to attend to the wishes and needs of the Students and Co-eds in this line. A trial will surely convince you.

WM. B. ENGELHARDT, Mgr.

Betsy Ross

TEA ROOM

Luncheon Tea Dinner

Fountain Service

508 Davis Street

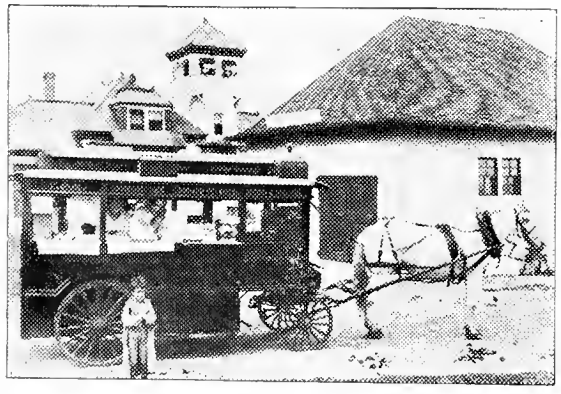
SENDING an "S O S" to father is one way of balancing your monthly budget.

Putting some extra dollars into a savings account is a better way. Try it and see how well father will be pleased.

• • •

STATE BANK & TRUST COMPANY

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS



All the Students want

John's Wagon

to stay on the Campus; has been there for past 15 years.

Best of Chinese dishes cooked by noted chef

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JOHN'S IDEAL CAFE

Opposite Davis "L" Station

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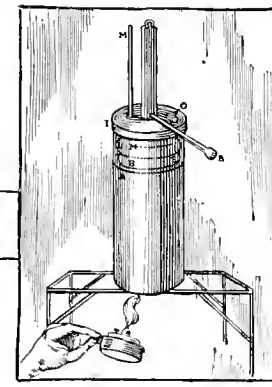

STEAM CYLINDER

They Weighed Air— *and* Charles II Laughed

SAMUEL PEPYS says in his diary that Charles II, for all his interest in the Royal Society, laughed uproariously at its members "for spending their time only in weighing of air and doing nothing else since they sat."

This helps to explain why Charles has come down to us as the "merry monarch."

The Royal Society was engaged in important research. It was trying to substitute facts for the meaningless phrase "nature abhors a vacuum," which had long served to explain why water rushes into a syringe—the commonest form of pump—when the piston is pulled out.

Denis Papin had as much to do as anyone with these laughable activities of the Royal Society. Papin turned up in London one day with a cylinder in which a piston could slide. He boiled water in the cylinder. The steam generated pushed the piston out. When the flame was removed, the steam condensed. A vacuum was formed and the weight of the outer air forced the unresisting piston in.

Out of these researches eventually came the steam engine.

London talked of the scandalous life that King Charles led, and paid scant attention to such physicists as Papin, whose work did so much to change the whole character of industry.

The study of air and air pumps has been continued in spite of Charles's laughter. In the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, for instance, pumps have been developed which will exhaust all but the last ten-billionth of an atmosphere in a vessel.

This achievement marks the beginning of a new kind of chemistry—a chemistry that concerns itself with the effect of forces on matter in the absence of air, a chemistry that has already enriched the world with invaluable improvements in illumination, radio communication, and roentgenology.

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